

Nada Surf, Robot

you're just walking round your little mazes figuring out how to get by,
how to get laid and get famous, get yourself paid, impress the guys.
you think you're thinking for yourself
but when you get on the subway's most crowded part just to stand behind a
girl
then you are just a robot, executing a program.
you are just a robot, an imitation of a man
you're taught to divide the world into buddies and wives, sluts and wimps;
and ever since, you've kept a scorecard - how else to prove you're such
the pimp.
you think you're thinking for yourself
but when you when you can't get any the consensual way so you decide to
use some force
then you are just a robot, executing a program.
you are just a robot, an imitation of a man
she told me one night when we were lying quiet and cold, something not
right.
it had been months since the good times, once there was sun, now there was
night.
and she said to me as she turned on the light,
"there's something you don't know keeps me from feeling right.
i once knew a guy, i'd seen him around.
he knew all my friends, he came from town.
one night at a party, we both were there,
he followed me into the bathroom, he grabbed my hair,"
and she said "i still remember just how the floor felt and how my head
would hit the tub."
now where is that robot, put a stake thru my true love
where is that robot, should get struck down from above
you are just a robot, executing a program, an imitation of a man